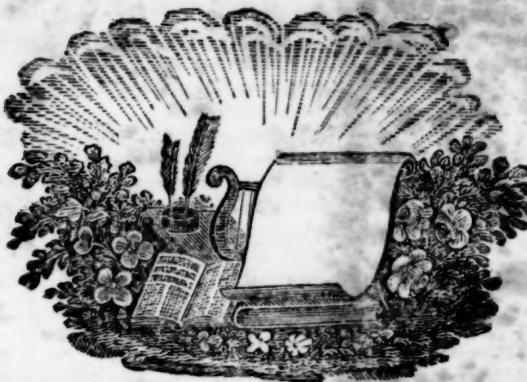


THE RURAL



REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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NO. 1.

SELECT TALES.

Abellino, the Bravo of Venice.

CHAPTER I.

VENICE.

WHAT black magician conjures up this fiend?—
What! do ye tremble? are ye all afraid?
Alas! I blame ye not, for ye are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil—
Avant! thou dreadful minister of Hell!

RICHARD THE THIRD.

IT was evening—Multitudes of light clouds, partially illuminated by the moon-beams, overspread the horizon, and through them floated the full moon in tranquil majesty, while her splendor was reflected by every wave of the Adriatic Sea. All was hushed around; gently was the water rippled by the night wind; gently did the night wind sigh through the Colonades of Venice.

It was midnight—and still sat a stranger, solitary and sad, on the border of the great Canal. Now with a glance he measured the battlements and proud towers of the city; and now he fixed his melancholy eyes upon the waters with a vacant stare. At length he spoke:

‘Wretch that I am, whither shall I go? Here sit I in Venice, and what would it avail to wander further? What will become of me! All now slumber, save myself! The Doge rests on his couch of down; the beggar’s head presses his straw pillow; but for me there is no bed, except the cold damp earth! There is no gondolier so wretched, but he knows where to find work by day, and shelter by night—while I—while I—Oh! dreadful is the destiny of which I am made the sport!’

He began to examine for the twentieth time the pockets of his tattered garments.

‘No! not one paolo by heavens!—and I hunger almost to death!’

He unsheathed his sword; he waved it in the moonshine, and sighed, as he marked the glittering of the steel.

No, no! my old and true companion, thou and I must never part! Mine thou shalt remain, though I starve for it. Oh! was not that a golden time, when Valeria gave thee to me, and when as she threw the belt over my shoulders, I kissed thee and Valeria?—She has deserted us for another world, but thou and I will never part in this.’

He wiped away a drop which hung upon his eye-lid.

‘Psha! ‘twas not a tear! the night wind is sharp and bitter, and makes the eyes water; but as for tears—Absurd! my weeping days are over.’

And as he spoke, the unfortunate (for such by his discourse and situation he appeared to be) dashed his forehead against the earth, and his lips were already unclosed to curse the hour which gave him being, when he suddenly seemed to recollect himself. He rested his head on his elbow, and sang mournfully the burden of a song, which had often delighted his childhood in the castle of his ancestors.

‘Right!’ he said to himself; ‘Were I to sink under the weight of my destiny, I should be myself no longer.’

At that moment he heard a rustling at no great distance. He looked around and in an adjacent street, which the moon faintly enlightened, he perceived a tall figure wrapped in a cloak, pacing slowly backwards and forwards.

‘Tis the hand of God, which hath guided him hither—Yes! I’ll—I’ll beg! Better to play the beggar in Venice, than the villain in Naples; for the beggar’s heart may beat nobly though covered by rags.’

He sprang from the ground, and hastened towards the adjoining street. Just as he entered it at one end, he perceived another person advancing through the other, of whose approach the first was no sooner aware, than he hastily retired into the shadow of a piazza, as if anxious to conceal himself.

‘What can this mean?’ thought our meditant. ‘Is ye eaves-dropper one of death’s unlicensed ministers? Has he received the retaining fee of some impatient heir, who pants to possess the wealth of the unlucky knave who comes strolling along yonder so careless and unconscious?—Be not so confident, honest friend! I’m at your elbow.’

He retired further into the shade, and silently and slowly drew near the lurker, who stirred not from his place. The stranger had already passed them by, when the concealed villain sprang suddenly upon him, raised his right hand in which a poinard was gleaming, and before he could give the blow, was felled to the earth by the arm of the mendicant.

The stranger turned hastily towards them; the Bravo started up, and fled; the beggar smiled.

‘How now?’ cried the stranger; ‘what does all this mean?’

‘Oh! ‘tis a mere jest, Signor, which has only preserved your life.’

‘What? My life? How so?’

‘The honest gentleman who has just taken to his heels, stole behind you with true cat-like caution, and had already raised his dagger, when I saw him—You owe your life

to me, and the service is richly worth one little piece of money! Give me some alms; Signor, for on my soul I am hungry, thirsty, cold.

‘Hence, scurvy companion! I know you and your tricks too well. This is all a concerted scheme between you, a design upon my purse, an attempt to procure both money and thanks under the lame pretence of having saved me from an assassin. Go, fellow, go! practise these dainty devices on the Doge’s credulity, if you will; but with Buonarotti you stand no chance, believe me.’

The wretched starving beggar stood like one petrified, and gazed on the taunting stranger.

‘No, as I have a soul to save, Signor, ‘tis no lie that I tell you!—tis the plain truth; have compassion, or I die this night of hunger.’

‘Begone this instant, I say, or by heaven—’

The unfeeling man here drew out a concealed pistol, and pointed it at his preserver:

‘Merciful Heaven! and is it thus that

‘The watch is at no great distance; I need only raise my voice, and—’

‘Hell and confusion! do you take me for a robber then?’

‘Make no noise, I tell you! Be quiet, you had better!’

‘Hark you Signor! Buonarotti is your name, I think? I will write it down, as belonging to the second scoundrel with whom I have met in Venice.’

He paused for a moment; then continuing in a dreadful voice,—‘And when,’ said he, ‘thou Buonarotti, shalt hereafter hear the name of Abellino—tremble!’

Abellino turned away, and left the hard hearted Venitian.

CHAPTER II.

The Banditti.

AND now rushed the unfortunate wildly through the streets of Venice; he railed at fortune; he laughed and cursed by turns; yet sometimes he suddenly stood still, seemed as pondering on some great and wondrous enterprise, and then again rushed onwards as if hastening to its execution.

Propped against a column of the Signoria; he counted over the whole sum of his misfortunes. His wandering eye-balls seemed to seek comfort; but they found it not.

‘Fate,’ he at length exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair; ‘Fate has condemned me to be either the wildest of adventurers—or one, at the relation of whose crimes the world must shudder! To astonish is my destiny:

Rosalvo can know no medium: Rosalvo can never act like common men!—Is it not the hand of fate, which has led me hither? Who could have ever dreamed, that the son of the richest Lord in Naples should have depended for a beggar's alms on Venitian charity! I—I, who feel myself possessed of strength of body and energy of soul fit for executing the most daring deeds—Behold me creeping in rags through the streets of this inhospitable city, and torturing my wits in vain to discover some means by which I may rescue life from the jaws of famine! Those men whom my misfortune nourished, who at my table bathed their worthless souls in the choicest wine of Cyprus, and glutted themselves with every kind of delicacy which the globe's four quarters could supply, those very men now deny to my necessity even a miserable crust of mouldy bread. Oh! that is dreadful, cruel! Cruel of men! cruel of Heaven!"

He paused; he folded his arms, and sighed. ' Yet will I bear it! I will submit to my destiny! I will traverse every path, and go through every degree of human wretchedness; and whatever may be my fate, I will be still myself, and whatever may be my fate, I will still act greatly!—Away then with the Count Rosalvo, whom once all Naples idolized: now—now am I the *beggar Abællino*! A beggar?—that name stands *last* in the scale of worldly rank, but *first* in the lists of the famishing, the outcast, and the unworthy.'

Something rustled near him—Abællino gazed around. He was aware of the Bravo, whom he had struck to the ground that night, and whom two companions of a similar stamp had now joined. As they advanced, they cast inquiring glances around them. They were in search of some one.

' It is of *thee*, that they are in search,' said Abællino; then advanced a few paces, and whistled.

together, and seemed to be undecided.

Abællino whistled a second time.

' Tis he!—he could hear one of them say distinctly—and in a moment after they advanced slowly towards him.

Abællino kept his place, but unsheathed his sword. The three unknown (they were masked) stopped a few paces from him.

' How now, fellow?' quoth one of them, ' what is the matter? Why stand you on your guard?'

Abællino.—It is as well that you should be made to keep your distance, for I know you; you are certain *honest* gentlemen, who live by taking away the lives of others.

The first Ruffian.—Was not your whistling addressed to us?

Abællino.—It was

A Ruffian.—And what would you of us?

Abællino.—Hear me! I am a miserable wretch, and starving; give me an alms out of your booty!

A Ruffian.—An alms? Ha! ha! ha! By my soul that is whimsical!—Alms from us indeed!—Oh! by all means! No doubt you shall have alms in plenty.

Abællino.—Or else give me fifty sequins, and I'll bind myself to your service till I shall have worked out my debt.

A Ruffian.—Aye? and pray then who may you be?

Abællino.—A starving wretch, the republic holds none more miserable. Such am I at present; but hereafter—I have powers, knaves—this arm could pierce an heart,

though guarded by three breastplates; this eye though surrounded by Egyptian darkness, could still see to stab sure.

A Ruffian.—Why then did you strike me down even now?

Abællino.—In the hope of being paid for it; but tho' I saved his life, the scoundrel gave me not a single ducat.

A Ruffian.—No? So much the better. But, hark ye, comrade! are you sincere?

Abællino.—Despair never lies.

A Ruffian.—Slave, shouldst thou be a traitor—

Abællino.—My heart would be within reach of your hands, and your daggers would be as sharp as now.

The three dangerous companions again whispered among themselves for a few moments, after which they returned their daggers into the sheath.

' Come on then,' said one of them; ' follow us to our home. It were unwise to talk over certain matters in the open street.'

' I follow you,' was Abællino's answer; ' but tremble, should any one of you dare to treat me as a foe. Comrade, forgive me that I gave your ribs somewhat too hard a squeeze just now; I will be your sworn brother in recompence.'

' We are on honor,' cried the banditti with one voice; ' no harm shall happen to you: he who does *you* an injury, shall be to *us* a foe. A fellow of your humor suits us well: follow us, and fear not.'

And on they went, Abællino marching between two of them. Frequent were the looks of suspicion, which he cast around him; but no ill design was perceptible in the banditti. They guided him onwards, till they reached a canal, loosened a gondola, placed themselves in it, and rowed, till they had gained the most remote quarter of Venice. They landed; threaded several bye-streets, and at length arrived at the door of an house of inviting appearance—it was opened by a young woman, who conducted them into a plain but comfortable chamber; many were the looks of surprise and inquiry which she cast on the bewildered, half-pleased, half-anxious Abællino, who knew not whether he had been conveyed, and still thought it unsafe to confide entirely in the promises of the banditti.

CHAPTER III.

The Trial of Strength.

SCARCELY were the bravos seated, when Cinthia (for that was the young woman's name) was again summoned to the door; and the company was now increased by two new-comers, who examined their unknown guest from head to foot.

' Now then,' cried one of those who had conducted Abællino to this respectable society, ' let us see what you are like.'

As he said this, he raised a burning lamp from the table, and the light of its flame was thrown full upon Abællino's countenance.

' Lord forgive me my sins!' screamed Cinthia; ' out upon him! what an ugly hound it is!'

She turned hastily round, and hid her face with her hands. Dreadful was the look, with which Abællino repaid her compliment.

' Kuave,' said one of the banditti, ' nature's own hand has marked you out for an Assassin—Come, pray thee, be frank, and tell us how thou hast contrived so long to escape the gibbet? In what gaol didst thou leave thy

last fetters? Or from what galley hast thou taken thy departure, without staying to say adieu?

Abællino folded his arms.

' If I be such as you describe,' said he with an air of authority, and in a voice which made his hearers tremble, ' tis for me all the better. Whatever may be my future mode of life, Heaven can have no right to find fault with it, since it was for that it formed and fitted me.'

The five bravos stepped aside, and consulted together; the subject of their conference is easy to be divined. In the meanwhile Abællino remained quiet and indifferent to what was passing.

After a few minutes they again approached him: one, whose countenance was the most ferocious, and whose form exhibited the greatest marks of muscular strength, advanced a few paces before the rest, and addressed Abællino as follows:

' Hear me, comrade. In Venice there exist but five banditti; you see them before you; will thou be the sixth? doubt not thou wilt find sufficient employment. My name is Matteo, and I am the father of the band: that sturdy fellow with the red locks is called Baluzzo; he whose eyes twinkle like a cat's, is Tomaso, an arch knave I promise you!—twas Petrino, whose bones you handled so roughly to-night; and yon thick lipped Collossus, who stands next to Cinthia, is named Struzza. Now then you know us all—and since you are a pennyless devil, we are willing to incorporate you in our society; but we must first be assured, that you mean honestly by us.'

Abællino smiled or rather grinned and murmured hoarsely—' I am starving!'

' Answer, fellow! Dost thou mean honestly by us?

' That must the event decide.'

' Mark me, knave; the first suspicion of treachery costs you your life. Take shelter in the Doge's palace, and girdle yourself round with all the power of the republic—though clasped in the Doge's arms, and protected by a hundred cannons, still would we murder you! Fly to the high altar; press the crucifix to your bosom; and even at mid-day, still would we murder you! Think on this well, fellow, and forget not we are banditti!'

' You need not tell me that—but give me some food, and then I'll prate with you as long as you please—at present I am starving! Four and twenty hours have elapsed, since I last tasted nourishment.'

Cinthia now covered a small table with her best provisions, and filled several silver goblets with delicious wine.

' If one could but look at him without disgust!' murmured Cinthia; ' if he had but the appearance of something human! Satan must certainly have appeared to his mother, and thence came her child into the world with such a frightful countenance! Ugh! It's an absolute mask, only that I never saw a mask so hideous!'

Abællino heeded her not: he placed himself at the table, and ate and drank, as if he would have satisfied himself for the next six months. The banditti eyed him with looks of satisfaction, and congratulated each other on so valuable an acquisition.

If the reader is curious to know what this same Abællino is like, he must picture to himself a stout young fellow, whose limbs perhaps

might have been thought not ill-formed, had not the most horrible countenance, that ever was invented by a caricaturist, or that Milton could have adapted to the ugliness of his fallen angels, entirely marred the advantages of his person. Black and shining, but long and straight, his hair flew wildly about his brown neck and yellow face. His mouth was so wide, that his gums and discolored teeth were visible, and a kind of convulsive twist which scarcely ever was at rest, had formed its expression into an eternal grin. His eye (for he had but one) was sunk deep into his head, and little more than the white of it was visible; and even that little was overshadowed by the protrusion of his dark and bushy eye-brow. In the union of his features were found collected in one hideous assemblage all the most coarse and uncouth traits, which ever had been exhibited singly in wooden cuts; and the observer was left in doubt, whether this repulsive physiognomy expressed stupidity of intellect or malice of heart, or whether it implied them both together.

‘Now then I am satisfied!’ roared Abællino, and dashed the still full goblet upon the ground.—‘Speak, what would you know of me? I am ready to give you answers.’

‘The first thing,’ replied Matteo, ‘the first thing necessary is to give us a proof of your strength, for this is of material importance in our undertakings. Are you good at wrestling?’

‘I know not: try me.’

‘Cinthia, remove the table—Now then, Abællino, which of us will you undertake?—whom amongst us dost thou think thou canst knock down as easy as you poor dabbler in the art, Petrino?’

‘Which of you?’ cried Abællino; ‘all of you together, and half a dozen more such pitiful scoundrels!—and he sprang from his seat, threw his sword on the table, and measured the strength of his antagonist with his single eye.

The banditti burst into a loud fit of laughter.

‘Now then,’ cried Abællino fiercely; ‘now then for the trial!—Why come you not on?’

‘Fellow,’ replied Matteo, ‘take my advice; try first what you can do with me alone, and learn what sort of men you have to manage. Think you we are marrowless boys, or delicate Signors.

Abællino answered him by a scornful laugh—Matteo became furious; his companions shouted aloud, and clapped their hands.

‘To business!’ said Abællino; ‘I’m now in the right humor for sport! Look to yourselves my lads! And in the same instant he collected his forces together, threw the gigantic Matteo over his head as he had been an infant, knocked Struzzo down on the right hand, and Petrino on the left, tumbled Tomaso to the end of the room head over heels, and stretched Bulazzo without animation upon the neighboring benches.

Three minutes elapsed, ere the subdued bravos could recover themselves; loud shouted Abællino, while the astonished Cinthia gazed and trembled at the terrible exhibition.

‘By the blood of St. Januarius,’ cried Matteo at length rubbing his battered joints, ‘the fellow is our master. Cinthia, take care to give him our best chamber.’

‘He must have made a compact with the devil,’ grumbled Tomaso, and forced his dislocated wrist back into its socket.

No one seemed willing to hazard a second

trial of strength. The night was far advanced, or rather the grey of the morning was already visible over the sea. The banditti separated, and each retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

The Daggers.

ABÆLLINO, this Italian Hercules, all terrible as he appeared to be, was not long a member of this society, before his companions felt towards him sentiments of the most unbounded esteem. All loved, all valued him for his extraordinary talents for a bravo’s trade, to which he seemed peculiarly adapted, not only by his wonderful strength of body, but by the readiness of his wit, and his never-failing presence of mind. Even Cinthia was inclined to feel some little affection for him, but—he was really too ugly.

Matteo (as Abællino was soon given to understand) was the captain of this dangerous troop. He was one who carried villainy to the highest pitch of refinement, incapable of fear, quick and crafty and troubled with less conscience than an English financier. The booty and price of blood which his associates brought in daily, were always delivered up to him; he gave each man his share, and retained no larger portion for himself, than was allotted to the others. The catalogue of those whom he had dispatched into the other world, was already too long for him to have repeated it; many names had slipped his memory; but his greatest pleasure, in his hours of relaxation, was to relate such of these murderous anecdotes as he still remembered, in the benevolent intention of inspiring his hearers with a desire to follow his example. His weapons were kept separate from the rest, and occupied a whole apartment. Here were to be found daggers of a thousand different fashions, *with* guards and *without* them; two—three—and four edged. Here were stored air-guns, pistols and blunderbusses; poisons of various kinds and operating in various ways; garments fit for every possible disguise, whether to personate the Monk, the Jew, or the Mendicant, the Soldier, the Senator, or the Gondolier.

One day he summoned Abællino to attend him in his armory.

‘Mark me,’ said he; ‘thou wilt turn out a brave fellow, that I can see already. It is now time that you should earn that bread for yourself, which hitherto you have owed to our bounty. Look! here hast thou a dagger of the finest steel; you must charge for its use by the inch. If you plunge it only one inch deep into the bosom of his foe, your employer must reward you with only one sequin: if two inches with ten sequins; if three, with twenty; if the whole dagger, you may then name your own price. Here is next a glass poniard; whomever this pierces that man’s death is certain. As soon as the blow is given, you must break the dagger in the wound; the flesh will close over the point which has been broken off, and which will keep its quarters till the day of resurrection! Lastly, observe this metallic dagger, its cavity conceals a subtle poison, which, whenever you touch this spring, will immediately infuse death into the veins of him whom the weapon’s point hath wounded. Take these daggers; in giving them I present you with a capital, capable of bringing home to you most heavy and most precious interest.

Abællino received the instruments of death, but his hand shook as it grasped them.

‘Possessed of such unfailing weapons, of what immense sums must your robberies have made you master!

‘Scoundrel!’ interrupted Matteo, frowning and offended, ‘among us robbery is unknown. What? dost thou take us for common plunderers, for mere thieves, cut-purses, house-breakers, and villains of that low miserable stamp?’

‘Perhaps what you wish me to take you for, is something worse; for to speak openly, Matteo, villains of that stamp are contented with plundering a purse or a casket, which can easily be filled again; but that which *we* take from others is a jewel which a man never has but once, and which once stolen can never be replaced. Are we not then a thousand times more atrocious plunderers?’

‘By the House at Loretto, I think you have a mind to moralize, Abællino?’

‘Hark ye, Matteo, only one question; at the day of judgment, which think you will hold his head highest, the thief or the assassin?’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’

‘Think not, that Abællino speaks thus from want of resolution. Speak but the word, and I murder half the senators of Venice; but still—’

‘Fool! know, the Bravo must be above crediting the nurse’s antiquated tales of vice and virtue. What is virtue? what is vice? nothing, but such things as forms of government, custom, manners and education have made sacred; and that which men are able to make honorable at one time, it is in their power to make dishonorable at another, whenever the humor takes them; had not the senate forbidden us to give our opinions freely respecting the politics of Venice, there would have been nothing wrong in giving such opinions; and were the senate to declare that it is right to give such opinions, that which to-day is thought a crime would be thought meritorious to-morrow—then prythee, let us have no more of such doubts as these. We are men, as much as are the Doge and his senators, and have reason as much as *they* have to lay down the law of right and wrong, and to decree what shall be vice, and what shall be virtue.’

Abællino laughed—Matteo proceeded with increased animation.

‘Perhaps you will tell me that our trade is *dishonorable!* and what then is the thing called *honor?* ‘tis a word, an empty sound, a mere fantastic creature of the imagination! ask, as you traverse some frequented street, in what honor consists? the usurer will answer—‘to be honorable is to be rich, and he has most honor, who can heap up the greatest quantity of sequins.’ ‘By no means,’ cries the voluptuary; ‘honor consists in being beloved by every handsome woman, and finding no virtue proof against your attacks.’ ‘How mistaken!’ interrupts the general; ‘to conquer whole cities, to destroy whole armies, to ruin whole provinces, *that* indeed brings real honor!’ the man of learning places his renown in the number of pages which he has either written or read; the tinker in the number of pots and kettles which he has made, or mended; the nun, in the number of *good* things which she has done, or *bad* things which she has resisted; the coquette, in the list of her admirers; the republic in the extent of her provinces; and thus my friend, every one thinks that honor consists in something different from the rest. And why then should not the Bravo think, that honor consists in reaching the perfection of

his trade, and in guiding a dagger to the heart of an enemy with unerring aim?"

"By my life, 'tis a pity, Matteo, that you should be a Bravo; the schools have lost an excellent teacher of philosophy!"

CHAPTER V.
Solitude.

"Do you think so? why, the fact is thus, Abellino—I was educated in a monastery; my father was a dignified prelate in Lucca, and my mother a nun of the Ursuline Order, greatly respected for her chastity and devotion.—Now, Signor, it was thought fitting, that I should apply closely to my studies; my father, good man, would fain have made me a light of the church; but I soon found, that I was better qualified for an incendiary's torch. I followed the bent of my genius, yet count I not my studies thrown away, since they taught me more philosophy than to tremble at phantoms created by my own imagination. Follow my example, friend, and so farewell."

Abellino had already passed six weeks in Venice, and yet (either from want of opportunity, or of inclination he had suffered his daggers to remain idle in their sheaths. This proceeded partly from his not being as yet sufficiently acquainted with the windings and turns, the bye-lanes and private alleys of the town; and partly because he had hitherto found no customers, whose murderous designs stood in need of his helping hand.

This want of occupation was irksome to him in the extreme; he panted for action, and was condemned to indolence.

With a melancholy heart did he roam through Venice, and number every step with a sigh. He frequented the public places, the taverns, gardens, and every scene which was dedicated to amusement.—But no where could he find what he sought—tranquillity.

One evening he had loitered beyond the other visitants in a public garden, situated on one of the most beautiful of the Venetian islands. He strolled from arbor to arbor, threw himself down on the sea-shore, and watched the play of the waves, as they sparkled in the moonshine.

"Four years ago," said he with a sigh, "just such an heavenly evening was it that I stole from Valeria's lips the first kiss, and heard from Valeria's lips for the first time the avowal that she loved me."

He was silent, and abandoned himself to the melancholy recollections which thronged before his mind's eye.

Every thing around him was so calm—so silent! Not a single zephyr sighed among the blades of grass—but a storm raged in the breast of Abellino.

"Four years ago could I have believed that a time would come when I should play the part of a Bravo in Venice! Oh! where are they flown, the golden hopes and plans of glory, which smiled upon me in the happy days of my youth?—I am a Bravo; to be a beggar were to be something better.

"When my good old father, in the enthusiasm of paternal vanity, so oft threw his arm around my neck and cried—"My boy thou wilt render the name of Rosalvo glorious!"—God, as I listened, how was my blood on fire!—What thought I not, what felt I not, what that was good and great did I not promise myself to do!—The father is dead, and the son—is a Venetian Bravo!—When my preceptors praised and admired me, and

carried away by the warmth of their feelings, clapped my shoulder, and exclaimed, "Count, thou wilt immortalize the ancient race of Rosalvo!—Ha!" in those blessed moments of sweet delirium, how bright and beauteous stood futurity before me,—When happy in the performance of some good deed, I returned home, and saw Valeria hasten to receive me with open arms, and when, while she clasped me to her bosom, I heard her whisper—"Oh! who could forbear to love the great Rosalvo!"—God! oh! God! Away away, glorious visions of the past! To look on you drives me mad!"

He was again silent; he bit his lip in fury, raised one emaciated hand to heaven, and struck his forehead violently with the other.

"An assassin—the slave of cowards and rascals—the ally of the greatest villains whom the Venetian sun ever shone upon—such is now the great Rosalvo!—Fye! oh! fyeyon't!—And yet to this wretched dot hath fatality condemned me."

Suddenly he sprang from the ground after a long silence; his eyes sparkled; his countenance was changed; he drew his breath easier.

"Yes! by Heaven, yes! Great as Count Rosalvo that can I be no longer; but from being great as a Venetian Bravo, what prevents me?—Souls in bliss!" he exclaimed, and sank on his knee, while he raised his folded hands to Heaven, as if about to pronounce the most awful oath, 'Spirit of my father! Spirit of Valeria! I will not become unworthy of you! Hear me, if your ghosts are permitted to wander near me, hear me swear, that the Bravo shall not disgrace his origin, nor render vain the hopes which soothed you in the bitterness of death! No! sure as I live, I will be the only dealer in this miserable trade, and posterity shall be compelled to honor that name, which my actions shall render illustrious.'

He bowed his forehead, till it touched the earth, and his tears flowed plenteously. Vast conceptions swelled his soul: he dwelt on wondrous views, till their extent bewildered his brain; yet another hour elapsed, and he sprang from the earth to realize them!

"I will enter into no compact against human nature with five miserable cut-throats. *Alone* will I make the republic tremble, and before eight days are flown, these murderous knaves shall swing upon a gibbet. Venice shall no longer harbor *five* banditti; *one* and *one* only shall inhabit here, and that one shall be the Doge himself; shall watch over right and over wrong, and according as he judges, shall reward or punish. Before eight days are flown, the state shall be purified from the presence of these outcasts of humanity, and then shall *I* stand here alone! Then must every villain in Venice, who hitherto has kept the daggers of my companions in employment, have recourse to *me*; then shall I know the names and persons of all those cowardly murderers, of all those illustrious profligates with whom Matteo and his companions carry on the trade of blood.—And then—Abellino! Abellino!—that is the name! Hear Venice, hear it, and tremble!

Intoxicated with the wildness of his hopes, he rushed out of the garden; he summoned a gondolier, threw himself into the boat, and hastened to the dwelling of Cinthia, where the inhabitants already were folded in the arms of sleep.

[To be Continued.]

The Broken-Hearted.

I HAVE seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle, the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips, I have viewed Death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance, with a fearless eye,—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but, when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels, that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up, like spectres from the grave, to hunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks, in a country village in the Eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow: I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshiped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw, that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye-lids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony, that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her a little distance in the open air. It was then, that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years, and, when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love

me—it is very hard to bid farewell to these dear scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life and sympathized with its joys and sorrows.

That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried Love, and where, at times, and even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever.

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies 'as 'twere from very sweetness.'

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which 'hold their festivals around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams, in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam, that lingers around my pillow and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Babylon.

This great Capitol of the ancient world was at its meridian about twelve hundred years before Christ. It principally owes its beginning to the temerity of those persons mentioned in sacred writ, that desired to build a tower and a city, Gen. xi. 4. 'Let us

build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach to Heaven.' No city in the world perhaps ever presented to the eye of mortals more magnificence and splendor than Babylon while enjoying the luxuries of the East. The Euphrates, smoothly glided through its center, whose waters were used to purify the city and refresh its numerous hanging gardens, which so majestically rested on arches, one above the other. These gardens consisted of large terraces, four hundred feet on each side; the ascent from one to the other was by means of steps, and the soil of each sufficiently strong to support the growth of every species of shrubbery, and even trees, though so surprisingly constructed.

Sixty miles in circumference was Babylon's measure, and inclosed by a wall of extraordinary strength, being eighty seven feet wide and three hundred and fifty feet high, well cemented in bitumen as accounted by Herodotus. The city consisted of fifty principal streets, each fifteen miles in length, crossing at right-angles,—and of about seven hundred squares for gardens and pleasure grounds. In this city was a temple consecrated to the God BELUS. The circumference at its base was half a mile, and the same in height, supposed by some Historians originally to be the tower of Babel, and at no less expense than twenty one millions of pounds sterling.

Thus we may contemplate the splendid panorama, guarded by its glutinous walls and brazen gates, seemingly to defy all the powers of earth. But what availeth man,—JEHOVAH promised to make Cyrus master of the great city, Isa. xiv. 2, 'I will break in pieces before thee the gates of brass,' he, as an instrument in the hands of omnipotence, was used to verify the prophecy—it saith:—'Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah; It shall never be inhabited; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and there houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there; and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the Islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces,' Isa. xiii. 19, 20, 21, 22—

and how terribly is the prophecy fulfilled. Its wall, though cemented in bitumen and consolidated in the hardness of adamant, is no more than a broken bubble. Its monuments and towers, where grandeur sat enthroned, show no more an air of superior elegance, but remain as melancholy marks of departed dignity!—Where nobles were wont to ride in chariots, enrobed in purple and embroidery, now the crested snake hisses, or the fierce

envenomed adder glides. The halls of court, the palaces of princes and myriads of public buildings, pendent in golden tapestry, were once the objects of universal admiration—Where now? A spectacle of astonishment and horror, midnight stillness reigns over the mementoes of departed grandeur, save now and then the affrighted owl's portentous dissonance. Its fifty streets adorned with millions of wealth, are lost—totally lost amidst the wreck of stupendous lumber—as prints upon the sea-shore are effaced by tides returning upon its furrowed beach.

The stately towers that never were equaled for their workmanship are defiling in dirt, in rude, broken and unshapen masses, matted in grass and tangled briars, which afford nests for poisonous reptiles and frightful kennels for ravenous beasts—O mighty Babylon, what a spectacle of the punishable nature of human glory—the Obelisk, the Pyramid and triumphal arches, firm as the solid rock, and apparently stable as the everlasting hills, whose tops communed with clouds, are wrenched from their foundation by revolving years. The groveling worm now crawls thereon and the sordid snail there leaves her slimy track—no place on earth exhibits greater gloom or a more perfect dissolution of magnificence than this great Assyrian Capital, over which the stranger views and wonders at a trembling distance—as one Benjamin a Jew informs us—'that men were afraid to approach the ruins, by reason of the many serpents and scorpions that were in the place.'

Its translucent pools and exhilarating baths, that were clear as the crystal wave, so often perfumed with odoriferous unguents, are slimy ponds of stench wherein the frightful serpents play in festival. Its aqueducts, used to convey health and cleanliness in different directions by their pearly waters, are choked with filth, and croaking vermin swarm among the weeds. Here and there a straggling cypress rises from the general chaos, as it were with funeral solemnity, to augment the gloomy waste. Not a human voice is heard, not a countenance seen;—neither the sweet music that wont to lead the fairy dance, remain. Abandoned, all abandoned to the dominions of solitude—its desolated heaps too dreary for the abode of man—yea, even for the hoary hermit's room or the cell of the gloomy monk. Man startles as he views the ruins of mystic Babylon, and trembles as he hears the importunate shrieks of feathered bags, or execrable howls of shaggy monsters that hide among its relics. How fearfully can the powers of man degenerate. Not only Babylon's fall, but the ruins of Palmyra and Balbec bear testimony of human frailty.

'They build too low, who build beneath the skies.'

PHILOM.

Hudson, May 23, 1834.

BIOGRAPHY.

Captain James Lawrence.

"Don't give up the ship."

JAMES LAWRENCE, a distinguished American commander, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He early manifested a strong predilection for the sea; but his father, who was a lawyer, was anxious that he should pursue his own profession; and, when only thirteen years of age, he commenced the study of the law; but after the death of his father entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1798. In 1801, the Tripoli war having commenced, he was promoted, and in 1803, was sent out to the Mediterranean, as the first Lieutenant of the schooner Enterprise. While there, he performed a conspicuous part in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. In the same year he was invested with the temporary command of the Enterprise, during the bombardment of Tripoli, by Commodore Preble, all the ships of the squadron being employed to cover the boats during the attack; and so well did he execute his duty, that the commodore could not restrain the expression of his thanks. He remained in the Mediterranean three years, and then returned with Preble to the United States, having been previously transferred to the frigate John Adams, as the first Lieutenant. In June, 1812, war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, and Lawrence, at the time in command of the Hornet, a few days afterwards sailed with a squadron under the orders of Commodore Rogers, for the purpose of intercepting the Jamaica fleet. They returned, however, at the end of the following month to Boston, without having been able to accomplish their object. Lawrence then accompanied Commodore Bainbridge on a cruise to the East Indies; but they separated near St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, the Hornet remaining there to blockade a British ship of war, laden with specie, till compelled to retire by the arrival of a seventy four, Feb. 24, 1812, the Hornet fell in with the brig Peacock, Captain Peak, which he took after a furious action of fifteen minutes. This vessel was deemed one of the finest of her class in the British navy. In the number of her men and guns, she was somewhat inferior to the Hornet. She sunk before all the prisoners could be removed. The latter was considerably damaged in the rigging and sails, but her hull was scarcely hurt. Lawrence returned to the United States; where he was welcomed with the applause due to his conduct, but the most honorable eulogy bestowed upon it, was contained in a letter, published by the officers of the Peacock, expressing their gratitude for the consideration and kindness with which they had been treated. Shortly after his return, he was ordered to repair to Boston, and take command of the frigate Chesapeake. This he did with great regret, as the Chesapeake was one of the worst ships in the navy. He had been but a short time at Boston, when the British ship Shannon, Captain Brooke, appeared before the harbor, and defied the Chesapeake to combat. Lawrence did not refuse the challenge, though his ship was far from being in a condition for action; and June 1, 1812, he sailed out of the harbor and engaged his opponent. After the ships had exchanged several broadsides, and Law-

rence had been wounded in the leg, he called his boarders, when he received a musket ball in his body. At the same time the enemy boarded, and, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in taking possession of the ship. Almost all the officers of the Chesapeake were either killed or wounded. The last exclamation of Lawrence, as they were carrying him below, after the fatal wound, was 'don't give up the ship.' He lingered for four days in intense pain, and expired on the 5th of June. He was buried at Halifax with every mark of honor.

MISCELLANY.

The Willow and the Stream.

A WILLOW hung with its silver tassel-like leaves, over a beautiful stream that mirrored it with accuracy and distinctness. 'Ho! ho!' said the stream one morning, 'you need not throw your tassels in my face—there is no demand for them, I can assure you.' 'You need not be alarmed,' said the willow, 'you must bear them now; but by and bye I shall have none to annoy you with.' 'I wish you had not now,' said the stream, 'I detest your practices.' 'I do not complain,' said the willow, 'when your face is ruffled so that I cannot see myself. I acknowledge and reverence the wind-god, whose power both plucks the tassels from my arms and wrinkles your face, and I am willing to have my pleasure taken from me when it does not appear to be done by you, but by the powerful wind-god.' The stream aware that it was not the willow's fault, but that the inconvenience was caused by a power whom they both obeyed, murmured no more.

Man is too apt to blame his neighbor for doing that which is the work of a superior existence, and by whose power he himself is controlled, but he will not always, like the stream cease to murmur and complain—he feels wiser than the Power which sustains and protects his life.

American Generals.

WASHINGTON was a surveyor and in after life a farmer—'Expressive silence! muse his praise.' *Knox* was a book-binder and stationer. *Morgan* (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. *Tarleton* got from him a sound lecture on that subject. *Green* was a blacksmith, and withal a Quaker, albeit through all this southern campaigns, and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. *Arnold*—(I ask pardon for naming him in such company)—was a grocer and provision store keeper, in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen; the same that decorated his shop before the revolution. *Gates*, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not 'march through the United States with 5000 men,' was a 'regular built soldier,' but after the revolution, a farmer. *Warren*, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to exhibit to his countrymen a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practise when called upon by their country. *Marion*, the 'old Boy of the South,' was a shepherd's boy.

THE SULKEY AND THE SOCIALE.—A gentleman and his wife were reduced from a life of splendor and luxury, by unavoidable misfortunes to a more moderate way of living. He had been since their misfortunes ex-

tremely morose and gloomy, and it was a lively reply of his affectionate wife that caused a change. 'Wife,' said he, one morning, 'my affairs are embarrassed, and it is necessary I should curtail my expenses. I should like to have your opinion as to the reduction. He spoke this in a more gentle tone than usual. 'My dear husband,' said she, 'I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of the sulky—and let us retain the sociable.'

PETERSON, the comedian, lent a brother two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor turning peevishly from him, said, 'Hang it, I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other.' Peterson good humoredly replied, 'I shall be obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as nigh like two shillings as you can.'

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A steerage passenger must be very uncomfortable, especially when the weather is rough, and the waves beating over the sides and bow of the vessel. It is perhaps necessary, however, that one should have felt the misery of a steerage passage, in order to judge of the comparative comforts of a packet's cabin. It is better to begin life in the steerage of society, and finish it in the cabin, than to have to walk forward in old age or late in life.—*Mackenzie*.

ALLOWANCE FOR CONTINGENCIES.—A drover passing through the town of Lowell, stopped at a tavern, and wishing to count his cattle, placed a man at the gate to number them as they passed through. The last having entered the yard, the drover asked how many there were. 'Sixty-two,' was the reply. 'How can that be,' said the drover; 'I had but fifty when I started, and I have sold two.' 'O, well,' replied the man of figures, 'thinking there might be some that passed through without my seeing them, I made an allowance for the contingency.'

ANECDOTE.—A few days since, a little ragged urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had just become due. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, 'You need not dun me so sharply, I am not going to run away at present.' 'I don't suppose you are,' said the lad, scratching his head, 'but my master is, and he wants the money.'

AN IRISHMAN standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingletrees. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident asked him—'Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?' 'Faith, sir,' replied Pat, 'and it was as much as I could do to hold on.'

MUNDEN, when confined to his bed, and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his dignified indisposition was the laugh of the green room, pleasantly replied, 'Though I love to make others laugh, yet I wish much rather they would make me a *standing* joke.'

'JOHN, you rogue you,' said an unthinking mother, 'if ever I catch you at the closet again, stealing cake and sugar, I will *whip* you as sure as you live.'—'Why, no you

'won't mother,' answered impudent John, shrewdly, 'for you have told me so above a thousand times.'

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER, a great enemy to idleness, thinking the old copy, 'Laziness will clothe a man with rags,' not sufficiently correct, altered it and gave it to one of his scholars thus: 'Laziness will clothe a man with nakedness.'

SMUGGLING.—A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer, who took from him two casks of spirits and carrying the same to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public house; the officer replied, 'No, I have seized it, and it must go to the excise office.' 'Not so, master,' said the countryman; 'I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you'll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right.' The officer, reading his bit of paper, exclaimed, 'Why you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not show it me sooner?' 'Because,' said he, 'if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me.'

'TALKING of storms,' said an honest Irishman the other day to a friend of ours, 'at Wilmington last summer we had the heaviest I ever saw in all my life, considering the size of the town.' This reminds us of the anecdote of 'Too big a boo for so small a horse.'

IT is no shame for a man to learn that he knoweth not, whatever age he may be.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1834.

IMPROVEMENTS UPON OUR HILL.—Among the improvements of our city, nothing has been done to equal the beauty of the spot formerly called 'Round House Hill.' This hill by nature is most elegantly situated. It commands almost every variety of scenery. Here is the broad clear Hudson rolling in silent glory toward the South—the white sails hanging like spirit's wings out upon its waters, and the floundering sturgeon leaping like a bull above its surface. Below is that green and beautiful hill, known as 'Mount Merino.' Its cone like form, crowned with trees, and waving grain, rises up from the silent and serene bay, as if it was born from its very waters. It is there where the traces of Spring are the greenest—it is there where the rose scented gale wanders the freshest—and it is this spot that can be seen in all its silent glory from the 'Round House Hill.' This is one lovely scene. Across the river our eyes are greeted with various sights. Orchards, undulating fields, strips of wood, beautiful mansions, and to crown all the steeple of a church 'that points its taper spire to Heaven.' Here we have three kinds of natural beauty at once, viz:—mountainous, water, and the beauty of the broad level. The fourth is the blue Catskill's, 'robed in azure hue'—the very spot where Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years—the spot made romantic by Cooper—the spot every lover of nature must worship. It is this tall battlement that shuts out the day—and where the last gleam of the sun is extinguished. We then conclude that no hill of the dimensions of the above can be found possessing more prospective beauties. This, we think, must be at once admitted.

The style in which it is decorated is fine. The clusters of trees when grown, will make a most romantic appearance. The walks will be smooth and dry. A young forest is to be seen on the steep slope that lies toward the river.

One thing should not be passed unnoticed—we mean 'Love Rock'; should this type of the warm passion go down to its sepulchre 'unhonored and unsung?' We see that it is completely buried—but have not as yet heard its

knell. Could that rock speak—what then?—how many tender—but it is gone—years had it stood. Men among us whose heads are white with the snow-flakes of time, have sat upon it with the buoyant passions of youth. Women who scarce can raise their palsied limbs, have leaped in glorious glee around its base. How many bright moons have shed their beauty upon it—how many a strain of music has melted away in the air above it—how many brilliant thoughts have been there indulged. The lover and his mistress, the poet and philosopher, ay the vagabond and the mendicant have sat upon it. We have sat there ourselves—and might tell some curious things about it—but have given sufficient flight to our imagination in the above. We would say to the Rock, if it had a soul, peace to it.

We suppose that the hill will undergo some change in its title. We have heard several names suggested among the ladies:—and think they would exhibit far more taste in Christening this romantic place. Some of the fair propose 'Paradise Hill.' It will undoubtedly display as much beauty as Mahomet's Paradise.—Others say 'Promenade Hill.' Now in our humble opinion there is far more poetry in the former title. A prize should be offered for the most appropriate name—its beauty certainly deserves a good one.—One small cluster of trees in the center is in all probability to be called the 'Lover's Retreat'—that is to say when the trees shall have made one—for it is not a very sequestered spot at present. We perceive some thorns upon the horse chesnuts—and we hope and trust they may not wander to this 'Retreat,' and usurp the place of the flowers that are expected to bloom there. No one anticipates the *lockjaw* in a bower of love.

Finally too much credit cannot be bestowed upon our citizens for their enterprise in completing this Hill. It will remain a monument of beauty to the city, long after its founders shall have passed away. Time, which ruins most things, shall continue to work an increased loveliness upon it. The hill below will become a forest, and the birds will build in the branches of the trees. The umbrageous foliage above will grow broader and cooler, and future generations will lie down beneath them to shelter from the evening breeze.

'ABELLINO, THE BRAVO OF VENICE.'—We commence with our first number the publication of this very interesting tale. It is a translation from the German, by M. G. Lewis. It is a number of years since it was first brought out, and at the present time scarce a copy of it is to be found;—and it was with no small difficulty we obtained the one in our possession—and this, by frequent perusal, is so completely worn to tatters that we can scarcely decipher its pages. We venture to say that its beauty, considering plot and style, stands almost unequalled. We hope our readers will preserve it.

IT will be seen that this number reaches some of those who were our subscribers the last year. Our object in forwarding it, is to remind them more forcibly that their former year has expired. After having perused it, we hope they will conclude to receive it for another year—if this is the result, they must send on their names, with the subscription, in advance, as no future number will follow until we hear from them. The paper is now entering upon its eleventh year, and has become so firmly established, no one need fear its discontinuance, whereby their money will be risked.—We would notice another thing. As our expenses for the whole year generally come upon us the first or second month, it would be convenient to receive our advance money at as early a day as possible. To those who feel it a risk in transmitting their subscriptions by mail, we would say, that out of several thousand dollars received, never but one instance of our dues being miscarried has happened—and that was our loss. The different Postmasters throughout the United States are generally our agents—and those who reside at a great distance, so far as to cause their postage to come too high when forwarding money to us, might pay over the one dollar to the agent nearest to them, who would transmit the several individual amounts collectively, in one letter, which would be a great saving. The receipts for money sent will be published in the paper immediately following such reception.

IT will be seen, that in consequence of our matter being more *compact*, each paper of the present year will contain one sixth more reading, than was given the last.

Nothing but increasing patronage could have warranted us in going to this extra expense. All must be aware of the cheapness of our semi-monthly, but cheap as it is, we hope we shall receive a sufficient remuneration.

On account of some error in mailing the 25th number, some of our subscribers did not receive it, while others had more forwarded to them than was their due. As we shall undoubtedly have to reprint it, unless those who have a surplus quantity will return them, we ask all such to be so kind as to drop them in their Post Office, directed to the Rural Repository, Hudson, N. Y.

WILL those who receive this number extra, take the trouble to solicit subscriptions of their neighbors.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES, received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. B. East Ridge, N. Y. \$0.75; C. E. Naples, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; F. P. Potter's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Schodack Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. P. M. Boonville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Bern, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. Acra, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. Bennett's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Caledonia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. West Burlington, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Bennett's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. T. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; T. B. W. Keeseeville, N. Y. \$2.00; J. S. D. P. M. Pembroke, N. Y. \$1.00; M. D. C. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. E. V. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Jr. New-York, \$1.00; O. D. F. South Fitchburg, Ms. \$10.00; S. H. Lunenburg, Ms. \$1.00; R. C. Pawtucket, R. I. \$2.00; E. S. Salisbury center, N. Y. \$1.67; L. P. North Amenia, N. Y. \$1.00; S. D. P. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; F. R. Rock Bottom, Ms. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

About one hundred American ships are now employed in the whale fishery, their cargoes vary from 250 to 350 barrels, and averaging thirty gallons to the barrel. It is computed that nearly four million gallons of oil are annually brought into the United States by our hardy enterprising citizens.

It is said that John Quincy Adams is at present engaged upon two great literary works, which will appear in good time. They are 'Memoirs of his own times,' and the 'Life of John Adams'—both subjects of exciting interest.

It is said that the celebrated Chinese wall was erected 213 years before the birth of Christ. It is 714 German miles long, 14 feet thick, and 26 feet high; so that with the same materials, a wall, 1 foot in thickness, and 23 in height, might be carried twice round the whole world.

A History of the United States has been undertaken by George Bancroft, Esq. the first volume of which is nearly ready for publication.

The tolls received this spring on the New York canals, for the first twenty-one days, amounted to *one hundred and forty eight thousand dollars*. Those of the Pennsylvania Canals, up to the first of May, amounted to *one hundred and ten thousand dollars*.

INK SPOTS.—It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

NEW INVENTION.—We have examined the drawing of a machine to gather grain as it stands in the field without cutting. It is called the Locomotive Thresher; intended to be moved by horse power and with the assistance of three men or boys of fifteen years of age, is calculated to go over ten acres of wheat or other grain per day, and gather say two hundred bushels, leaving the straw standing on the ground threshed as clean as is generally done in the ordinary way, thereby saving all the expense of harvesting; and by ploughing in or burning the straw, it is supposed the ground may be tilled *ad infinitum* without diminishing its fertility. Should this invention succeed, it will afford another inducement for farmers to inhabit and cultivate those beautiful Prairies which abound in the far West. The ingenious inventor is Mr. John T. Vail, of La Porte, Indiana, formerly of this town.—*Railway Advertiser.*

MARRIED,

At Richmond, Mass. on Tuesday evening, the 20th ult. by the Rev. Edwin W. Dwight, Mr. John Gaul, jun. Esq. Counsellor at Law, of the firm of Bushnell & Gaul, of this city to Miss Clarissa daughter of Linus Hall, of the former place.

On the 17th ult. at Centreville, by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. Samuel E. Houghtaling, of Claverack, to Miss Elizabeth Shufeldt, of Taghkanick.

By the same, Mr. Peter S. Miller, to Miss Catharine Pechtel, both of Claverack.

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday morning, the 1st ult. James Rivington, Esq. late of Poughkeepsie.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Robert Martin, aged 36 years.

On the same day, Miss Charlotte Baldwin, aged 18 years.

At Athens, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Ann Mazurie, aged 61 years, wife of William Mazurie.

In Clermont, on the 18th ult. after a lingering illness, Annethe, daughter of Horace Stevens, aged 1 year and 5 months.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Mount Merino.

The quiet afternoon is come,
And I am here alone
In these cool depths, beneath the sun,
Where shade o'er shade is thrown.
And yet no forest round me spread
Flings up its lofty trees—
One maple cluster overhead,
Just quivers in the breeze.
There's music in their trembling breath
And glossy green their hue—
And all beside is low as death,
This narrow forest through.
The sun is low on Catskill's crest,
And throws a trembling beam
Across the gentle Hudson's breast,
Unruffled as a dream.
Methinks in nature's face I see
A type of that still shore,
Where the pure spirit wanders free,
To taste of death no more.
Where the green forests all lie calm—
Where skies are blue and gold—
The breathing air oppressed with balm
The hills of gentle mould—
Where stars depart not from our grasp—
Where rainbows never fade—
And where our spirits all may bask
In the soft light which God has made. X.

For the Rural Repository.

The Captive Greek.

'Twas night in Samos—and the glittering stars
Were twinkling through the intersected leaves
That twin'd their foliage in luxuriance, bright
With heavens own dews, around the trellised bower
Where fair Ianthe sat, gazing on the deep—
The palace halls rung with the music of an hundred harps,
Whose loudest echoes passed unheeded by, to her, for whom
These wandering minstrels sang.
Why from scenes like these should beauty wander?
Doth the voice of mirth from joyous lips, call to the heart
No waking notes of gladness? Why is Ianthe sad
Where mirth and music court her sunlit smiles?
Why lingers she, with slow reluctant steps,
To meet the summons of the glittering throng
Who crowd in wonder round the beauteous Greek,
Seeking for music from a voice whose tones
Outrival all the praise we can bestow!
But who among that minstrel band was he
Who kneeling offered to the dark-eyed Greek
The lute that had most loudly rung her praise.
The fair Ianthe is bending o'er the minstrel's proffered lute,
And with its plaintive notes, the captive Greek
Pours forth her soul in song—
The morning sun, bright orb of day, is breaking through
night's veil,
And from their many colored folds, the flower scents catch
the gale;
The blithesome lark is caroling through fields of trackless
air,
But the captive may not pause to gaze on scenes so
passing fair,
For to her the wild luxuriant flowers no rapture can
impart,
The mountain winds, the rushing waves, are discord to
her heart—
They speak of freedom which, alas, the captive may not
share,
Though, like the lark, she fain would roam the fields of
trackless air,

Ye may pull the choicest flowers, ye may search the ocean
waves,
In quest of pearls and sparkling gems, from ocean's coral
caves;—
Ye may seek to hide the chains which bind, with all your
siren art,
They will but press the heavier, on the wearied captive's
heart.
Ye may sing the songs of ancient Greece, the songs of
liberty,
She will but turn and weep to know, she is no longer free;
Ye may paint the beauties of her isles, and the glory of
her plain,
To her the earth is desolate, and strew'd with noble
slain;
Then ask not music from the heart whose hopes lie cold
and dead,
O ask not smiles from tearful eyes whose brightness long
hath fled;
And chide her not—oh chide her not—it is not thine to tell
The anguish of the broken heart, that sighs its last farewell.
The Grecian ceased—the minstrel's lute gave forth one
twang
That echoed deep throughout the palace halls—
The mourner's heart had broken with the lute;—
And he, the minstrel, who in strange disguise
Had wandered far to seek the captive Greek,
And whisper vows of love, to her who mourned
His fancied fall among the countless slain,
Took up his broken lute, and round it twined
One raven tress, that graced the Grecian's brow,
And went his way, a broken-hearted exile from his home.

C. D.

The Hunter's Serenade.

Thy bower is finished, fairest,
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green savannah's side;
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet;
But I shall think it fairest
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie fowl shall die;
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky;
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers!
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs and loads his yellow thighs
For thee, my love, and me.

Or wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savannah,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window sill
The jessamine peeps in;
All day the red breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trolls her song,
All night with none to hear.

The Consumptive.

No never more—my setting sun
Hath sunk his evening rays;
And this poor heart is nearly done
With hope of better days.
I feel it in the clay cold hand,
The hard and fast expiring breath;
For now so near the tomb I stand,
I breath the chilling airs of death.
No never more—it all is vain—
But Oh, how Memory leans
To see, and hear, and feel again
Its youth-inspiring scenes!
And deep the sigh that memory heaves,
When, one by one, they all are fled,
As autumn gales on yellow leaves,
That wither on their woodland bed.

No, never more—I may not view
The summer vale and hill,
The glorious heaven, the ocean's blue,
The forests, dark and still—
The evening's beauty, once so dear,
That bears the glowing thoughts above,
When nature seems to breathe and hear
The voiceless eloquence of love.
No, never more—when prisoners wait
The death-call to their doom,
And see, beyond their dungeon gate,
The scaffold and the tomb,
On the fair earth and sun-bright heaven,
Their gaze how fervently they cast!
So death to life a charm hath given,
And made it loveliest at the last.
No, never more—and now, farewell!
The bitter word is said;
And soon, above my green-roofed cell,
The careless foot will tread.
My heart will find its rest above;
The cares of earth are passing by;
And, Oh! it is a voice of love,
That whispers—It is time to die!

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The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

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